THE WORLD

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER II.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH. 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,884

Circulation Books Always Open.

** WORLD " GROWTH

The Average Number of " WORLDS Printed Daily and also the Average Num ber of Advertisements Published Daily during the First Six Months of the Years

1884 and 1888 were as follows:

1888.

STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

1,816.

Average Daily Circulation, 56,749.

JACKSONVILLE'S APPLICTION.

The yellow fever continues to do its deadly work in the stricken city of Jacksonville, and it is to be feared that the disease will continue its havoe until checked by the frost. The need of relief is great, and the sufferings and privations of the people must necessarily increase with each succeeding day.

New York is doing nobly in the work of contributions. But much remains to be done. An entire population reduced to idleness represents a very extensive call on benevolence. Yesterday an unknown man walked into the Mayor's office and deposited on Mr. Hewitt's deak a donation of \$12,000 for the sufferers, refusing to give his name and simply stating that he was "An American." He is indeed an American, and a noble and worthy one!

What an example this grand act is for our millionaire citizens to follow. Who will give the next \$12,000 for this deserving object?

INDEPENDENT REPORMERS

The Reform Club is up in arms against the action of a few members last Saturday night in introducing politics into the club and adopting a resolution pledging the or ganization against a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. A number of individual members, are out in protests against the proceedings. Mr. John E. BAZLEY, a Produce Exchange merchant, s that the action of last Saturday wa taken by less than thirty members of the club, which has a membership of seven to aight hundred

It is believed that the club will demand reversal or repudiation of the proceedings, or that the organization will dissolve. At all events, notice has been given that an amendment to the constitution forbidding the discussion of the claims of candidates for office will be offered at a future meeting.

An independent organization of this character may do a great deal of good. But its usefulness is destroyed the moment it lends itself to the intrigues and hatreds of a clique in politics.

IS IT HARRISON'S MESSAGE 9

We republish to-day from the Weekly News the Chinese organ in this city, an advance synopsis of Gen. Harrison's letter of acceptance. At least it appears to be that important and interesting document, from the frequent allusions in it to Protection for American Workingmen, the Pauper Labor of Europe and the Private Character of Trusts. The editor of the Weekly News, Wong CHIN Foo, is known to be on friendly terms with the Republican National Committee, and it is believed that he succeeded in securing a synopsis of the message when it was sent on here from Indiana for revision by Chairman Quay and the committee.

Wong Chin Foo is to be congratulated on his enterprise, as the news he publishes is a clear newspaper beat over all his contemporaries. Probably many thousands of THE EVENING WORLD's readers will have to wait for the English version of the message before passing judgment on its merits. But we give them the advantage of the earliest summary. and if they are not conversant with Chinese they can doubtless get it translated by the n carest celestial laundryman.

ROMANGES AT THE COPPIN.

It is remarkable how many so-called "romances" in men's lives are revealed after their death. We frequently hear of persons who have lived, as it were, dual existences; one portion of the time under one name and another portion under another name, and in both capacities have supported wives and raised families, each ignorant of any other ties. Still more frequently we find a

of a man whose relatives have had no knowledge during his lifetime of any such asso-

The well-known ticket speculator, FRED ERICK V. RULLMAN, died on the 1st of this month, leaving three children, who were supposed to be his only surviving relatives and heirs. At the funeral, however, a young woman with two children appeared, who claimed to be the wife and second family of the deceased. It would seem that the claim is good; that the young woman was married recently to Mr. RULLMAN after the death of his first wife, having been intimate with him for some years previously.

It is singular that men do not disclose these secrets before death. It would save much trouble and litigation. In this instance, however, the first family seem disposed to make the best of the case and to come to a friendly settlement with their newly discovered connections.

The House Judiciary Committee has reported an admirable bill " for the Prevention of Trusts." It defines a Trust to be a combination to enhance the market value of commodities, declares it to be against public policy and illegal, and makes the organization or operation of a Trust a misdemeanor. It also gives the President authority to suspend the collection of duties on imported articles which are controlled by Trusts. So the Judiciary Committee does not think with Mr. Blaine that Trusts are private affairs and that neither Congress nor the people Average Number Advertisements Daily, have any right to interfere with them.

> Mr. BENNETT, the broker, who was as saulted at his house in Jersey City, lingers between life and death. He has partially recovered consciousness, but is unable to say who was his assailant. The case is at present a dark mystery.

People are now asking whether the result in Maine is due to the Democratic stump speeches of District-Attorney Fellows, or to the persuasive Republican arguments of JIMMY DAVIS over a small bottle.

WORLDLINGS.

The coldest town in the world is Werchojansk, in Siberia, where the mercury has sometimes recorded a temperature of 89 below zero.

Mr. Eli Wright, of Youngstown, O., has received a transcript from the records at Washington that shows him to have been the youngest Union soldier in the late wer. He enlisted when twelve years

Dr. W. I. Candee, of Milwaukee, Wis., who is nearing the century mark in life, saw the first steamboat ascend the Hudson and rode upon the first railroad built in the United States-between Albany and Schenectady. He was intimately ac quinted with Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam-

Both of the daughters of Representative Cannon of Illinois, are noted for their musical talents as well as their beauty, and they are always in demand at the receptions given by other ladies at the capital. Their home in Danville is famous for its ospitality, and the ladies are as popular there as at Washington.

"FASCINATION."

"Fascination," Robert Buchanan's play, pro duced last night at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is a "society comedy" which, though absurding improbable, interests in spite of itself. The story deals with the love episode of Lady Madge Stast ton, who suddenly discovers that Lord Islay, her flance, is enamored of a very unsavory woman, with whom he spends all his money.

Lady Madge dons the garbs of the male sex visits Rose Delamere's house, and after some very attrring adventures discovers, what the audience had long before established, that Lord Islay's hear was fascinated, but not dangerously wounded, and that he loved her (Madge) after all.

But does the man exist who would not recognize the lady of his heart, even though her limbs were incased in broadcloth and her hair confined be neath a silk hat? Is it possible that Romeo could er come within an inch of thrashing his Juliet, ecause that ardent young woman, in the agonies of trousers, had ventured to call him a puppy Then would a prother, even to aid a sister, permit her to drink and play cards with a set of rowdles in the house of a woman of questionable reputation? In case this be answered in the affirmative I should like to meet such a brother and kick him

not wisely, but oh! so vigorously well. Still, "Fascination" is interesting. Miss Corn Tanner was charming, both as Lady Madge Slash ton and Charles Marlowe. The rapid changes from the jesting man to the tearful woman were admirably made. Miss Tanner made a complete individual success.

The character of the Rev. Mr. Colley, like that of the cleryman in "The Private Secretary," was at times amusing. Mr. Charles Coote played the part excellently. Edward Bell as Lord Islay was manly and effective. Miss Eleanor Carey as Rose Delamere contributed a clever performance. Lionel Bland as the amorous duke was entertaining, and P. A. Anderson as a villamous count was somewhat original. Villains, by the bye, are much better impersonated now than they were a few years ago. " Pascination" is in fact interpreted by a thoroughly good company and is certainly worth ALAN DALB.

"DEAD."

Dead! Yes, I'm dead, and the cold earth now kests on the coffin above my brow.
It's a terrible thing to be lying dead.
And the stiff, satin fillow beneath my head Brings back to my mind most forcibly.
The thought that I never more shall see Those living I loved so well.

To think I could lie there so cold and still And know they were coming and going at will, Helping me into by bridel gown, Laying me softly and gently down. And never a movement I made to betray That I was still there and still loved them that day. And God! And I loved them so well.

He came, I heard his loved step, but so husbe t. To could tell the hot tears to his eyes had rushed,
To those eyes that had ever loved so well
On my fair young happy face to dwell.
And this would have seen our wedding day!
My God! What a mookery. There I lay
Wedded to death and the grave.

The prayers were all ended, the dread moment h a come, When the loved ones I soon would be taken from Crowded around for a last, find kiss.
**My child! And to think that I reared her for

this."
My mother's voice! And then, his so slow;
"My wife! And so soon to be laid so low."
So low! Yes, a wife to the grave. They covered me then from all numan eyes.

Gently they lowered me into the ground, Phinking, to heart and brain, could pierce

But, on! in the stillness eternal to me Comes the drear swish of a wind-awaying tree; The patter of rain, that seems always to say: "Await, restless spirit, the Great Judgment Day!" So, day after day and year after year,
With pale, folded hands, I am lying here,
Enduring the present and loving the past;
Watting—yea, waiting, for—what, at the last,?
Will it be mercy? Will it be love?

SEEKING A JOB

An "Evening World" Man's Quest for Employment.

Securing One Job and the Promise of Another.

Two Days' Weary Plodding About New York's Streets.

A Bushelful of Experience for the Benefit of Other Unfortunates.

It has been estimated that the army of the unemployed in this city at times swells to 100,000. It is generally not far from this number. Whose fault is it that these people cannot obtain work? Many are young men and many are past the prime of life. Some have only themselves to take care of, but as large a number have parents, wives and children looking to them for support.

To learn the difficulties that beset the path of these unfortunates a reporter for THE EVENING WORLD started out, going with them in their quest for employment not as a

representative of a newspaper but as a soldier in their army's ranks. Perhaps, while experiencing their hard-ships, something to alleviate them might be learned. At times subterfuge had to be learned. At times subterfuge had to be used, but the reporter determined to shoulder the sin, hoping the good that might result would balance it on the great day of reckoning.

THE WEARY QUEST. The quest is a weary one. Hundreds with The quest is a weary one. Hundreds with not a cent in their pockets wander out morning after morning after reading the want columns in The World. Wearly they trudge from place to place, only to meet with the discouraging information that they are either not fitted for the positions they apply for, or that these positions have already been taken.

been taken.

It is not an infrequent thing to see crowds of applicants gathered about a building, the occupant of which has advertised for a cierk, salesman or porter. In many instances fifty or sixty, and sometimes more, assemble as early as 6 o'clock in the morning in the hope of being the first applicant.

STEREOTYPED OBJECTIONS. Objections to candidates are many. One is too young, another too old. One is married, another is not. Again the name of each of the sixty applicants is taken and fifty-nine of

the sixty applicants is taken and fifty-nine of them never hear of the result.

Before the reporter had been long in the quest he had much experience; he had spent lots of money for car fares, had worn out considerable shoe leather and had become almost hearse from talking and explaining his qualifications.

In some places he was snubbed by subor-directs in others a civil service symmen-

In some places he was snubbed by subordinates, in others a civil-service examination was gone through, and finally, after a two days's search he succeeded in securing an engagement as traveller for a book house, and in getting a promise of employment as a salesman by a downtown gents' turnishing goods dealer at a salary of \$15 per week to work from 7.30 A. M. to 9.30 P. M.
His adventures were very similar to those week to work from 7.30 A. M. to 9.30 P. M. His adventures were very similar to those of many others who started out with the same object in view, and will be instructive to others who are in search of employment. STARTING ON THE SEABCH.

The reporter arose early in the morning breakfasted, and going out secured a copy of THE WOBLD.

THE WORLD.

As his eye ran over the column headed
"Help Wauted Male," and the array of advertisements greeted his eye he smiled to
himself. Here were calls for men of every
conceivable talent and for men without talent. Surely among these he could secure the desired situation! His eye rested on a number of advertmements for salesmen. Surely he could secure a place as a salesman!

Donning his coat and attiring himself in linen of the snowiest white, he sallied forth, after bestowing a nickel on an enterprising hearthlack and "dusting" his clothes so that

after bestowing a nickel on an enterprising bootblack, and "dusting" his clothes so that he would make a presentable appearance, it not favorable impression on his coming em ployer.
HE WAS A HAT SALESMAN FIRST.

The first advertisement he answered wa

SALESMEN-Extra salesmen for Saturdays; men' A short walk brought the scribe to the number mentioned. He went upstairs and ntered a salesroom. He was not first, hownumber mentioned. entered a salesroom. He was not first, how ever, for a number of men were there before him. All had had experience in the business, and it was necessary. After a short wait the proprietor came forward.

ORDEAL NO. 1. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said.
Then one by one the applicants were interviewed by him. Finally the reporter's turn

ame.
"Ever had any experience?" was the firs question.
"Yes," was the answer, "I had some ex-

perience with gents' furnishings, but am at present employed in another line."
"We want a man to come to work about 12.30 o'clock noon on Saturdays. He will have to work until 6 o'clock at night. Ther can go uptown and work in some other ore. We pay \$2. I have just selected the men I want now, but if you leave your name and address I'll let you know when we want men." The same information was

TRYING THE SHOE BUSINESS. The next place visited was in answer to the

SALESMAN - Wanted, an experienced shoe salesm.
Apply between 10 and 11 A. M. It was yet early in the morning, but some one had got ahead of the reporter, and when he called he was informed that the position had been filled. Thus the reportorial ambition to fit shoes to dainty feet was trustrated The "manager," whom the reporter ad-dressed, never litted his eyes from the note he was writing nor vouchsafed a reply to the reporter's query as to whether there might another chance later on, and the reporter

withdrew.

Two applications made and no result.

Bracing up, the 'Twas discouraging, surely. Bracing up the scribe looked at his list. An advertisement calling for ten clothing salesmen, inserted by a large uptown clothing house, greeted his

A THIRD ATTEMPT. Boarding a car he rode uptown to the num-

ber mentioned in the advertisement. It was ber mentioned in the advertisement. It was a large and elegant clothing store.

A snave man, presumbly the head salesman, met him with a bow and extented both hands to him as he entered. "Good-day, sir," he greeted the prospective customer, "I called in answer to your ad," began the

reporter.
The smile faded away. The extended hands dropped to his side. Then suddenly recovering himself, he raised his right hand and in a tone austers and condescending he said:

You'll find the boss in the rear." The salesman winked at another, who was standing down further, as the reporter passed down between the rows of clothing. The latter intercepted the reporter, saying. "He's busy now. Wait."

first question. "Less than two years salesman," equivocated the reporter.

NOT ENOUGH EXPERIENCE. "That won't do. We want only experienced men. Good-day." What salary do you pay ?" ventured the

"From \$35 down."

How far down he didn't say. Again the reporter's ambition was crushed. "What will I try next?" thought he. "Ah! here's a chance," he thought, as the following advertisement caught his eye:

SALESMAN - Experienced dry and faney goods sales man who is withing to work; sleady position; reference required; water 56 and board.

"If I can't be a clothing salesman at \$35, nor a shoe salesman, nor a hat salesman at \$2, I certainly can be a fancy goods salesman at \$6." IN THE DRY-GOODS FIELD.

So he jumped on another car and rode down to the number mentioned in the ad-vertisement. But he was doomed to another

disappointment.

"Ever had experience?" came the stereotyped and awful question. "Got references?"

The reporter got two more black marks in the Recording Angel's book here.

LINGUISTIC SHORTCOMINGS. "Do you speak German?" was the startling "Do you speak German the reportorial Here was a puzzler, and the reportorial heart sank, for the only German he knew was "Nein," "Yah" and "Wie Geht's."
"No. sir," he answered humbly.
"Then you won't do. Good-day," and the

ANOTHER TRIAL. CALESMAN-Wanted, experienced clothing sal In this awfully vague advertisement there seemed to be an opportunity. With "two years' experience," of course he'd get the

The store was soon reached. The proprietor greeted the reporter, who made known his errand, with 'We've got a man."

The scribe was tired out and discouraged, but again he consuited his list. This time his eye rested on a paragraph reading: SALESMAN WANTED for bottled goods. Apply in

He knew nothing of bottles, but he must get a job any way, so he visited the place in-dicated.

He descended the steps into a dingy, damp subcellar. A young man met him and in-quired his business.

"No one got the job yet." he said on learn-ing the errand of the caller. "The boss is ing the errand of the caller. "The boss is not in. It's a salesman we want."
"What pay will be get?" queried the re-

TO SELL BITTERS AT A PERCENTAGE.

porter.
"I don't know. A percentage, I guess."
"What will be have to sell?"
"What will be have to sell?" "Bitters, whiskey, &c. One of our sales men made \$13 last week on a percentage and

the other gets \$15 a week."

The scribe waited an hour, but the boss didn't come, so he left and, perhaps, lost s TIRED OUT AND DISCOURAGED. Tired out and weary, minus 50 cents in car fares, and heartily sympathizing with the

unemployed, the reporter went home to rest. The day was gone and he had secured no work. The experience of this first day did not dampen his ardor, though, and when he arose next morning he again had recourse to The World, and again set out on his mission, determined to find a job if possible.

THE SECOND DAY. A number of eligible places were selected from the long list of "Help wanted, male," and he started out on his search. It was early and the rain was falling fast, but nothing daunted the seeker after employ-ment and experience boarded a car and wa-soon at the number indicated in this adver-

BONDS REQUIRED. WANTED-Man to go with manager into Broam County; must have education and ability; bon After climbing three flights of stairs h

found himself in a neatly appointed office To a man at a desk he made known the occa wion of his visit.
"Were you ever in the book business?"
was the inevitable first question.
"Yes" was the blithe response.

A JOB AT LAST. "Well, I want a man such as the adver-tisement speaks of to go away with me. He will act as salesman for our line of books. The trip will be one of about three weeks duration."

How much do you pay?"

"How much do yon pay?"
"Oh, that all depends on the ability of the man. You are to solicit members for our association, and for each five year member you get we allow you \$8.
"Your expenses will be about \$1 a day.

and without doubt you can make at least \$4 a day."
"When will you leave?" asked the scribe. "This afternoon," was the answer. This was rather sudden, but as the proposition was a fair one, the scribe accepted an

went out to get a bondsman in \$500, which was required by his new employer, as he stated in the next septence. Here was success. The reporter had, after two days' search, succeeded in obtaining work. May be something better could be

THE SEARCH RESUMED. An advertisement calling for a young man o attend a cigar counter and act as cashiin a broadway hotel next caught his eye, and the seeker after information answered thi

'want." too.
A large man met him at the cigar counter.
'I came in answer to your advertisement,"
responded the scribe.
'Had any experience?" was the next laconic.

inconic.

"Two years," was the mechanical reply of the now case-hardened reporter.

Then there were given satisfactory replies to "Where do you live?" and "How old are

you?"

But when the large man propounded:
"Live with your folks?" and the reporter
humbly but truthfully responded:
"No. I am married," the massive hotel manager dropped. CRUSHED AGAIN.

"Then you won't do," he said, "Any way I have a man engaged."
Sorry for having told the truth once, as it had deprived him of the job, the reporter left and went in answer to this: VOUNG MAN to work in a livery stable.

Visions of himself as the proud driver of a hery steed flittered before his mind's eye as he rode to the stables. But these were ruth-lessly cast aside when he got there, as some one else had got ahead of him.

A CHANCE AT GENTS' FURNISHING As his eye reached this his ambition to beome a salesman was revived : OUNG MAN in men's furnishing store; must be

An application was made for the position, and after he had answered the dozen pre liminary questions his name was taken, a mark was put opposite it and in all probabil-ity the scribe will secure the coveted position in the sweet by and by,

HIS AMBITION CHECKED. Seeing that a jeweiry firm on Park place advertised for a young man in their store, the scribe called and offered his services. But he was told that he must clean the stor and make himself generally useful. Thus his ambition to become a jewelry salesman and wear sparkling diamonds in his bosom was crushed. SUMMING UP RESULTS. Finally the search for the day was abandoned. The result of the two days' tramp was a loss of \$1, 20 in car fare and about 20

cents worth of shoe leather, the accumula-tion of a much-ruffled temper and a weary body. But the story of this experience may prove interesting to those who are at present

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

PURTHER LIVELY DISCUSSION OF THE IN-TERESTING QUERY.

Plenty of Advice for the Wives and a Little Here and There for the Husbands-Th Secrets of Real Domestic Happiness-Few Statistics Upon the Subject of Divorce-Letters Pro and Con.

o the Edstor of The Evening World: In last evening's 7.11 train from Philadel phia the passengers of the drawing-room car were treated to a living vision from heaven a little tot, blue-eyed and golden curled, whose cheerful tattle not only amused the passergers, but, as with a mag.e wand, cleared from every troubled brow all signs of cleared from every troubled brow all signs of care and in their place called forth respond-ing smiles from even the most stolid and in-different. It is only the want or rather the utter scarcity of such heaven-gifted, laugh-ing eyes that can make the question. 'Is Marriage a Failure?" possible, and for my part I cannot see why not more of just such little creatures are sent among us to lighten for us the burden of a wearisome struggle for existence.

for existence.

Unknown to me, both mother and daughter, I will carry for a long time in my remembrance those sweet, innocent, laughing blue eyes, framed in a circlet of perfect golden hair. My profession brings me in contact with thousands of children, but no one has ever so impressed me as to what ancels might ever so impressed me as to what angels might be like. Marriage is not a failure, excepting to those ill-mated couples who have tired of each other because they "married in haste." In my opinion, a little more respect in place of the washy-washy love, so much prated about, and there would be fewer complainant married couples.

The Correct Way to Treat Him. To the Editor of The Evening World

Is marriage a failure? No, I do not think so-at least as far as my experience goes But married people would be happier if they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days if each was as kind to the other as when the vere lovers. A wife should remember that were lovers. A wife should remember that a kiss and a pleasant word at parting in the morning, and a cheerful greeting in the evening on the husband's return from his daily toil would do much to keep him from wanting to go to his club or out "just to see the boys for an hour or so."

Married life would indeed be a failure if you could not have your husband at home evenings to talk over little plans and ask his advice on a hundred and one little trifles.

advice on a hundred and one little trifles, light as air oftentimes, but we prefer his opinion before deciding them. But if your husband should want to go to the lodge or to husband should want to go to the lodge or to the club once a week or so, don't remind him snappishly that he used to love to stay at home evenings, to come bome when he gets good and ready, and "You'il not find me up waiting for you." &c. If you do—well, my word for it, you will be minus your hus-band's company more than one night a week. P. C. M.

A Few Statistics on the Question.

Perhaps the following statistics taken from the Chicago correspondence of the Florida Times-Union, may be of interest in connec tion with the interesting discussion as to whether marriage is a failure or not. Every-one may draw his or her own inference: "Still, even including the imported cases. Chicago's divorce record compares favorably with that of Puritan New England. Here one divorce is granted to sixteen marriages. This is bad enough, heaven knows. But ven this proportion is not so great as that i

Connecticut, where one marriage out of eight ends in divorce, nor so discouraging as that in Rhode Island, where two weddings out of seventeen have a divorce sequel, nor yet so agreeable to the lawyers as the showing made by the farmers of Vermont, among whom there is a divorce in every dozen marriages. Even Massachusetts is more fond of divorce than Illinois, the average there being one lissolution for every fifteen contracts," New York, Sept. 10.

A Very Deep Philosopher.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is, and it ain't; it be, and it bain't.

No odds who conjugies, the sinner or saint. All lives are liable to harmony and the lack of it as long as the conditions of good and evil, heaven and hell, right and wrong exist, evil. heaven and hell, right and wrong exist. The only true key to the position is the master key, which unlocks both conditions, opens up Paradise, and absolutely controls the both lower and upper spheres of the earth and the air. Words are inadequate to express affinity; neither will h's and k's, under present dominion of death, afford pleasure without pain. Ye fools and blind, strain at a guat (divorce), and swallow the camel (death). The great dissolver of the marriage tie.

Lewis the Liout.

Who Has a Better Institution?

the Editor of The Evening World. Our marriage system cannot be called failure because of one or many marriages that turn out poorly, and no matter what is said against it, who can supply a better institution in its stead? stitution in its stead? _ Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 10.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER. Dissolved Partnership.



Hodges-Pretty rocky kind of a craft von've got Maltby-Wait till you see Jack Brewer's, owned the canoe together, and when we fight and broke up Jack drew the stern end.

A Profitiess Undertaking. (From the Epoch.)
Gentleman-Uncle Rastus, what will it cost me

to get my barn whitewashed? Uncle Hastus—Two doi: hs an' a ha'f a day, sah. Gentleman—I mean what will you do the job ncie Rasius—Well, I jess tell how it am, Mistah it. Yo'see, wien yo'has flyggred out de cos' ne whitewash an' de pails, an' de wah an' tah de brushes, sah, yo'li fin' da'is no money in it

Some Rare Wine. [From the Epoch.]
Thirsty Tourist (to agriculturalist)—I say, farmer,

Agriculturalist—I can't give you no beer, mister, Agriculturalist—I can't give you no over, at I kin go you on some wine. Threaty Tourist—is it good wine? Agriculturalist—There ain't none better. It's elegiberry, mister, an' my wife made it only yis-

(Prom Harper's Bazar.) Jovial Bachelor-Well, Charlie, my boy, 1 hear you are going abroad this fail ? Young Angiomanisc—Y-as, I expect to go—er —I shall spend most of my time in London, yer

know.

J. B. —To acquire the language, I suppose. Longevity.

His Name Still a Mystery-Other Genere Gifts for the Fever Stricken.

THAT \$12,000 DONOR.

When THE WORLD, appealing to the sym pathy and the generosity of New York, gave a detailed statement of the condition and needs of Jacksonville, stricken with the yellow-fever scourge, the result of the careful work of its representatives in the fever-ridder city, it knew that a liberal response would be

maile.

The World has already received and acknowledged \$982.78. Yesterday \$14,381.44 was received at the office of Mayor Hewitt, and to this was added \$2,075.75 up to noon to day.

day.

The mystery surrounding one of yeste.

The mystery surrounding one of yesterday's givers, who laid on Mayor Hewitt's desk gold certificates for \$12,000 and then incontinently fled, is still impenetrable.

An Evenino Wonld reporter to-day brought down upon his own devoted head the wrath of the irascible little Mayor by asking innocently if any clue had been discovered to the identity of this noble giver who desired to be known only as "An American."

"Oh you newspaper men are fearfully

identity of this noble giver who desired to be known only as "An American."

"Oh! you newspaper men are fearfully trying!" exclaimed the Mayor, "You would put me in the position of a spy."

"I trust we are not so bad as that, Mr. Mayor," responded the modest and childlike news-gatherer. "The people of New York would delight to konor one of God's noblemen, as this man surely is, and as the servant of the people The Evening World would like to give them his name that they might know where to place their honor."

"The trouble with you newspaper men." snapped His Honor: "the difference between you and me is that I see things in their

tween you and me is that I see things in their proper light and you don't. Here is a mar who gives from his means \$12,000 for these suffering people. He desires that his name

be not known. be not known.

'And now you come along and ask me to put a detective on him and ferret him out! If I knew I wouldn't tell you."

And probably the name of this man, whose right hand is in ignorance of the acts of its mate, will never be known to his fellow-citizens.

zens.
Among to-day's givers was a ragged little chap who said: "Put that 25 cents down to a newsboy," and then ran away.
A white-haired fine-featured woman, past middle age and dressed in deepes mourning, laid \$100 on the Mayor's desk this morning, with the request to "credit this to a lady."
"Will you not give the name?" asked the reporter. reporter

This woman never gives her name," she replied, with a kindly smile.

Is it not yourself?" persisted the reporter. The smile died away, and in its place came a cold stare on the questioner and this re-mark:
"She does not wish to be known. I hope

you will not ask me to divulge her secret."
Then she passed out. Nobody about the City Hall knew her.
A short, brisk, business-like man in a gray

A short, brisk, business-like man in a gray business suit and a white "plug" hat lad two \$50 bills on the desk with "Cash, \$100."

Oh, I haven't time to talk!" he exclaimed to the reporter, who sought to know who "Cash" was, and he left the City Hall at a dog trot, and was lost in the ceaseless, hurrying throng on Broadway.

Puck stopped making lokes this morning long enough to fish a \$100 bill from out the pocket of his only garment, and Fannie de L. Welsh, of Pomfret, Conn., sent her check for \$50, together with \$7 in small bills.

"Sympathy" and "Cash," "A Friend" and "A Lady," and others who do good deeds in the dark sent in their contributions by mail.

The Mayor forwards each day's contributions at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to the Jacksonville Committee, and to-day's contributions will make a total of over \$20,000 forwarded by him.

forwarded by him.

The following is a complete list of to-day's contributions up to moon: Arkeil & Douglass, \$50; Tim
J. Murray, \$10; Arnold, Constable & Co., \$250; J. D.
Probst & Co., \$50; Chas. L. Lamberton, \$10;
M. C. D. Sunswick, \$25; Alanson Trask, \$23; O.
R. Jenuings, \$50; A Newsboy, 25 cents; "Esperranza." \$5; The Barber Bros. Co., \$100; "Esperranza." \$5; The Barber Bros. Co., \$100; "Esperranza." \$5; The Barber Bros. Co., \$100; "Esperranza." \$5; The Barber Bros. Co., \$250; Mr. George E.
Dodge, Morristown, N. J., \$250; Mr. George E.
Dodge, Morristown, N. J., \$100; Alten, Son & Co.,
\$10; Asppadone, \$100; "Casn, "\$100; John S. Hughes,
\$1; Frank B. Carter, \$25; George A. Ewans, \$50;
A. K. S., 50 cents; T. Shriver & Co., \$50; George
Murphy, \$25; "A Lady," \$100; "A Friend," \$5;
"Cash," \$10; Frederick A. Potts, \$50; Fannie de
L. Welsh, Pomfret, Conn., \$67; Mary R. Stewart,
Kingsoove, Newort R. I., \$50; Albert L. Webster,
\$10; John Paton & Co., \$100; Keppler & Sonwars-Kingsoove, Newort, R. I., \$50; Albert L. Webster, \$10; John Paton & Co., \$100; Keppier & Schwarsmann, \$100; W. P. Willis & Co., \$25; Meriden Britannia Co., \$100; Dean & Westbrook, \$25; N. Y. Times, \$50.50.

ANOTHER SELF-MADE JERSEY MAN.

the Career of Augustus A. Hardenberg Statesman and Financier. Ex-Congressman Augustus A. Harden

bergh, of Jersey City, is a man whose friends

are numbered by census figures. During the forty-two years of his residence in the city he has identified himself with every matter of public import that has arisen. in politics siding with Democrats and in other matters with the best interests of the people. Mr. Hardenbergh was born at New Brnns wick in May, 1830. He was educated at Rutgers and received the degree of B. A. In 1846 he settled at Jersey City, and in 1852 entered the Hudson County National Bank as a cierk. He is now its President. He has served in the State Legislature, and in 1880

was sent to Congress by a majority of over five thousand votes.

Since 1883 he has been a member of the Board of Finance of Jersey City and still holds that responsible position. His energy has saved the city from bankruptcy, and every man of sense in the city recognizes the fact and honors him for it.

Mr. Hardenbergh is now in Europe travelling for the benefit of his health. Overwork has wrought on his system of late until his recreative trip became a necessity. Jersey City misses him and can never afford to spare

In the Labor Field. The Miscellaneous Section meets to-night. John Kelly, editor of the Commoner, a live labor ournal of Pittsburg, is in the city on a visit. P. J. McGuire, General Secretary of the Brother-mood of Carpenters, has returned to Philadelphia. The Stone-Masons' and Stone-Cutters' assemblies of C neinnati have withdrawn from the Knights of

John W. Hayes is attending to the duties of General Secretary of the Knights in place of Litenman, resigned. General Master Workman Powderly is said to be prominently mentioned again for Congressional honors.

The glass factories at Pittsburg are slow in start-ing up, and it is probable their fires will not be lighted until October. Charles Miller, of the United Clothing Cutters, occupied the chair at the meeting of the Clothing Trades Section last night. The summer-night's festival tendered to Henry Hil by the 'urniture cartinea and other fri nds will be held at Sulzer's Harlem River Park on

The Labor press condemns the action of Chartes Litchman, General Secretary of the Knights of Labor, in resigning his office to take the stump for the Republican candidates. Louis Schopps, of the Shoe-Workers' Protective Union, was re-elected Recording Secretary of the Coming Traces Section last might. O. T. Balat is the Financial Secretary and H. Freund Sergeant-

Gatemen along Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, whe the Long Island Hallroad runs, compain that they are required to be on duly twenty-one hours out of the twenty-for, and talk of a king the company to permit them to put in the other three hours.

All Used Up

Strength all gone, Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable. You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the toning of your system must be stopped. You need the toming, attempthening, tuilding up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared by O. I. HOOD & OO., Lowell, Mass.

THE WONDERFUL CARLSBAD SPRINGS.

An Eminent Physician Reads a Paper of Great Interest Before the International Medical Congress.

At the Ninth International Medical Congress Dr. A. L. A. Toboldt, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with Carlebad Water and the Powder Carlebad Sprudel Salt Carisbad Water and the Powder Carisbad Sprudel Sait for chronic constipation, hypochondris, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, adiposis, diabetes, dropsy from yalvolar heart disease, dyspepsis, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with maxismus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, &c., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks. The Doctor claims, in conclusion of his caper, that the Carisbad Mineral Water, as exported by the city of Carisbad, being the natural product, is much to be preferred, where the natural product, is much to be preferred, where the quantity of water is no objection, particularly in dis-cases of the Stomsoh. Whenever the quantity of water cannot be taken the Powder Carlshad Sprudel Balt (genthat the effect of the Water and Powder Sprudel Salt is to be relied upon, independently to be relied upon, independently of any adjuncts of treatment, such as diet and exercise, &c. "My experitreatment, such as diet and exercise, &c. 'My experi-ence with the genuine imported Carlsbad Salt in powder form has been such that I may truly say that no remedy which I have employed has given me as much pleasure and profit as this particular one." The dose of Salt is teaspoonful three times a day dissolved in water. The GENUINE article is bottled under the supervision of the city of Carlabad, and has the seal of the city, and the signature of Risner & Mendelson Co. on the neck of every bottle. All others are worthless imitations, The genuine is never sold in bulk. Dr. Toboldt's paper and table of cases mailed to any address upon app the agents of the Carisbad Spring Eisner & Mendelson Company, 6 Barclay street, New York. For sale by all druggiste.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL

A Dog That Liked to Frolic, But Couldn't

An interesting contrast is afforded in many parts of town, but notably in Central Park. by a bonne with a baby and a woman with a

The colored servant, or the trim Swedish nurse, or the rosy-cheeked Irish girl control their little lords and ladies and keep them well within bounds. The babies have to do what they want them to. But the woman with the dog is always a slave to the dog. Her movements are regulated by his. If he wants to stop, she stops. If he chooses to walk, she walks. When the tyrannical dog is a Skye terrier the impression is funnier or more irritating, according to the mood of the onlooker; the small bundle of trailing hair, with its little satisfied jog, seems so in-

different to its mistress and so perfectly con-tented with its own well-fed lot.

The other day an elegantly dressed, petite Frenchwoman was coming down the walk in Central Park with a Skye about six inches high attached to the end of a string. The little brute made sallies on the grass, stopped to examine the legs of the benches and was to examine the legs of the benches and was lured to investigation of the "quids" of to-bacco which occasionally figured in his path, so that his mistress was continually brought up standing by the tightening of the chain. She bore it uncomplainingly and stopped, and stopped. But finally the dog took if inte his head to remain quite long over the leg of a bench, showing the deepest interest in its structure. He would not move.

"Come, Nina," cried the lady, soothingly. But Nina wouldn't. She would come when she wanted to, and not a moment sooner.

"Come, Nina, come," repeated the lady, still patient.

still patient.

Nina paid no attention whatever to her mistress.
"Well then, stay there!" said the lady, tossing the chain towards Nina, and walking

calmly away.

For a moment Nina pretended that she was glad to be away, and capered on to the grass, and tried to stand on her head; but as her mistress was apparently walking off quite unconcernedly, Nina could not stand it, and broke into a comical little trot after her, rattling the chain along the sidewalk.

The lady turned, but Nina, as soon as she

had recovered her mistress sattention, frisked off on the grass again and drove her small snout into the sod. She wanted to be free and keep her mistress by her at the same when she found that she could not do that, for the lady had turned and was walking off. Nina broke into a scrambling gait and pulled, up alongside. The lady picked up the chain and Nina jogged along without coquetting any more with the lamp-posts. She preferred servitude to neglect and indifference.

JEALOUS OF MAJOR ROURKE. Envious Sceptice Seek to Rob the Bold Tom

the Editor of The Evening World: Every one in Albany is asking: "Where did Thomas Jefferson Rourke get the title of major?" We never knew that he had a military bandle to his name until we saw him dubbed as "Major" by THE EVENING WORLD

We all know Tom, and I might say we love him for the friends he has made. Please ennim for the friends he has made. Please enlighten us on this important matter, but for our sake do not steal Tom away from us. We are willing to lose him for a few months, but give him up for good—never. A Roundes.

Albany, Sept. 9.

An Evening World reporter hied himself this morning to the headquarters of the Democratic State Committee at the Hoffman House. Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke, who is

Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke, who is Sergeant-at-Arms, doorkeeper, bouncer, messenger and outside chairman of the committee, was not to be found.

"The last I saw of Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke." remarked a hallboy, "was a few minutes ago. He was in the cafe playing the limic on fricasseed chicken at the freelunch table. He is a daisy. He is good to us boys, and don't you forget it. He gave me a quarter yesterday for calling him Major."

"Let me see." exclaimed the keeper of the

Major."

"Let me see," exclaimed the keeper of the cigar stand. "If I mistake not Tom Rourke won his utle of "major" during the campaign of 1884. He organized the colored Cleveland and Hendricks Dragoons, but he never paraded with them."

A well-known Albany Democrat said to the reporter: "I have known Thomas Jefferson Rourke ever since he was a small boy and used to throw mud balls at Republicans when they paraded in our city. He has always been a Democrat, but I never knew he was the owner of the title "major" until a week or so ago.

was the owner of the title "major" until a week or so ago.

"I think the honor has been fired at him by some of his New York City friends. He can stand anything. He is a corker. There is only one Thomas Jefferson Rourke in existence.

"Major Rourke, eh! Well, it makes me laugh. I am certain of one thing. If people insist upon calling him Major, the Albany Burgesses Corps and the Jackson Corps will disband. There are men with gray hairs in both organizations who have been trying for years to be called "Major."

"Now here steps in Rourke and captures the distinction without shouldering a muster. Major Thomas Jefferson Rourke: Great heavens, what are we coming to? I can stand Hustler Thomas Jefferson Rourke and Thomas Jefferson Rourke and Thomas Jefferson Rourke and Thomas Jefferson Rourke and Thomas Jefferson Rourke in kes me dizzy."

The above is all the information Tax Evenino World can impart to its Albany inquirer.

Quaker Ignorance. [From the Philadelphia Record.]
Fair customer—Mercy! What a price for Limb

(formerly of Boston)—You forget,

busy now. Wait."
Suddenly the proprietor darted out of his office. He had been talking over the teleearching for employment, and there may in it hints which may prove valuable Will it be mercy.

No one can know but the great (soc access
No one can know but 1 wife to the grave.

M. P. DE H., aged fifteen. (Prom Harper's Baste,]
"Longevity! I should say longevity did run in Please wait one minute," he said, and the In the rounds it was found that the emseeker of employment took a seat.

"I called in answer to your advertisement ployer pays particular attention to the dress, general appearance and manner of the app leant: that experience is very necessary, and that it is indispensable to have references. the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two. Bill was six foot four, and George he had more longerity than any min I ever see. He was six foot seven if he was a foot." of this morning," began the reporter.
"Have you had any experience?" was the WIND cells and distribute in children oured MONELL'S TRETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents. widow and children appearing at the funeral

body.